

encourage such visits,  
and i don't think many  
people feel inclined  
to pay me a visit in the  
first place. but there  
are an awful lot of people  
at this point in the road who  
seem to change their minds,  
or who remember something  
that they had forgotten to  
bring with them, so  
it seems. i should sell  
lemonade in the driveway  
come summer.

#### ON THE INSIDE OF THE HOT HOUSE

my father practically lives out in his small  
hot house through the month of may, and that's  
where i found him this morning when i arrived.  
i had some toast and coffee with  
my mother first, then walked out back  
and went straight into the hot house  
to have some private conversation with him.  
he was on his green stool, fiddling  
around with a group of young plants,  
and when he saw me he continued on  
with what he was doing, said hello, and  
then we settled into the usual topics.  
he complained about his knees going bad, about  
being too old to kneel on them anymore.  
i gave him the glass of orange juice  
my mother had given me to bring out to him.  
it was just beginning to rain, and  
this, i noticed, made him relatively  
pleased with matters overall.  
flies were going crazy at the windows,  
on the inside of the hot house.  
flies of various sizes.  
a very wide strip of bright yellow  
fly paper hung from the ceiling,  
and on it were so many flies  
that the paper was turning black.  
i mentioned this paper, saying  
i'd never seen this kind before,  
and he told me that it was  
nothing new, that often it was  
used in gardens. there's  
a blackboard, which is used for  
reminders. late last autumn i  
wrote a haiku on it in large, bold



chalk marks, having something to  
do with the garden sleeping.  
i can't remember how it went  
exactly, now.  
and long ago  
it was erased.

#### SO NEAR, SO FARAWAY

coming back from watching a movie in my neighbor's  
barn, i hear a rustling over by the opening in  
the bushes by the stream, and i figure it is  
a deer eating its fill of tiger lilies.  
at least i hope it is a deer.  
the black bears are around again this summer,  
which is strange, since they usually  
stay away, high in the mountains.  
it was understandable, their coming around  
last summer, when it was dry beyond  
belief, and they came looking for water.  
this summer it is not dry, and they  
weren't expected to return.  
i heard people talking about them in  
the post office. some mention  
was made also about the number of deer  
having been hit by cars this  
past week. this can happen at any  
time of the year. i know it's  
just a matter of time before i do  
my own car some serious damage  
by hitting one of these animals.  
since i don't have any collision on  
the car anymore, i keep wondering  
whether i'm covered in such  
an accident. over the weekend  
someone did hit one,  
right out front of the house,  
and it lay there at the side of  
the road until it was picked up  
late monday afternoon.  
the crows never went near it;  
the deer hadn't been  
ripped open. poor  
luckless crows: a feast  
so near, yet  
so faraway.